

❁ THE BOOK OF PEACE ❁ BEING
A COLLECTION OF PROSE & VERSE
MADE BY PAMELA TENNANT
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE
DRAWINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE ❁





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THE BOOK OF PEACE

MADE BY

PAMELA TENNANT



*"The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away."*

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TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE

MDCCCC

*Mother, I dedicate this book to thee.
And I would wish that all through it may know
How great thy teaching was, how wide the flow
Of love thou gav'st thy child unceasingly.
Thy strong hands led me to the eternal springs.
And like the grain set on the young child's lip
Thy spirit bids me praise the highest things,
And dwells beside me in close fellowship.
Then like a pilgrim comes my love to thee
With songs immortal held within his scrip.*

PREFACE.

THE Book of Peace is a collection of passages from the Bible, the Apocrypha, and the Imitation of Christ. These are so arranged as to stand as readings for the morning and evening of each day for the space of four weeks ; and to every reading is appended a poem. The carols included in these pages are from a collection made by Richard Kele, printed between the years 1546 and 1552. Some of them are of the fifteenth century, and others are of even earlier date. Of these, in certain places, I have modernized the spelling where the meaning has been veiled. "De Innocentibus" is printed in Ritson's "Ancient Songes," and is published with music in the "Musica Antiqua." The MS. of the "Missus est Angelus Gabriel" is in the British Museum. I am indebted for the kindness that permits me to include a poem from "The Bard of the Dimbovitza" and two or three other copyright pieces in the pages of this book.

The idea for the Book of Peace was given by a little volume, perhaps weighted by the title of "The Mother's Sabbath Month." Although this collection follows in its steps, it would not be restricted in its purpose. It has been written for the service of those attending on any who cannot, for the time being, read to themselves. Like David's harp to the spirit of Saul, to these it would bring peace.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Frontispiece :

SAINT CHRISTOPHER *Bellini*

Illustration for the Second Week :

MYSTICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE HOLY
NATIVITY *William Blake*

Illustration for the Third Week :

MOTHER AND CHILD *William Blake*

Illustration for the Fourth Week :

THE LITTLE BOY FOUND *William Blake*

Design for Cover and Title-page.

Madeline Wyndham

Tailpiece :

A HOLY INNOCENT *Andrea della Robbia*

THE FIRST WEEK.

THE FIRST EVENING.

Turn thou again unto thy rest, O my soul ; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my saviour. For he hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden. And holy is his name.

Out of Sion hath God appeared
In perfect beauty.

THE FIRST MORNING.

In returning and rest shall ye be saved ; In quietness and confidence shall be your strength. Because Thy loving kindness is better than Life itself—my lips shall praise thee.

THE SECOND EVENING.

In God have I put my trust. I will not fear what man can do unto me.

Thou hast delivered my soul from death, and my feet from falling. And I will walk before thee in the land of the living.

THE SECOND MORNING.

In the way of righteousness there is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death.

O let not mercy and truth forsake me ; bind them about my neck, and write them upon the tablets of my heart.

The councils of old are faithfulness and truth, and God hath ordained them from the beginning.

Mercy and truth are met together.

Righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

*Babe : " I have no name,
I am but two days old."*

Mother : " What shall I call thee ? "

Babe : " I happy am—Joy is my name."

Mother : " Sweet joy befall thee.

Pretty Joy, Sweet Joy but two days old.

Sweet Joy I call thee.

Thou dost smile,

I sing the while,

Sweet Joy befall thee."

THE THIRD EVENING.

Blessed are they which love thee, for they shall rejoice in thy peace.

Blessed are they which have been sorrowful for all thy scourges, for they shall rejoice in thy glory. And shall be glad forever.

Behold with your eyes how that I have had labour and sorrow, and have gotten unto me much rest.

*Mine is an unchanging love ;
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath ;
Free and faithful, strong as death.*

THE THIRD MORNING.

Give not thy mind over to heaviness and afflict
not thyself with thine own council.

Put thy trust in the Lord, and cast all thy cares
upon him ; for he succoureth the needy and
healeth the weak and hath compassion towards
his children.

Keep thy word and deal faithfully, and thou
shalt always find the thing that is necessary for
thee.

*Can a Mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear ?
O no, never can it be ;
Never, never can it be.
And can He who smiles on all,
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small birds' grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,
And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast ?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear ?
Think not thou canst sigh and sigh,*

*And thy Maker is not by.
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.
For He gives to us His joy
That our grief he may destroy;
Till our grief is fled and gone,
He doth sit by us and moan.*

THE FOURTH EVENING.

Keep innocency and adhere to the thing that is right—for that shalt bring a man peace at the last. And Christ said, “Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more.”

Fear not, thou mother of children, for I have chosen thee, saith the Lord. I have broken the evil in pieces and created the good.

Mother, embrace thy children, and bring them up with gladness, saith the Lord—make their feet fast as a pillar.

Abide still, O my people, and take thy rest, For thy quietness shall come.

*My Soul, there is a country,
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingéd sentry,
All skilful in the wars.
There, beyond noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,*

*And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
If thou canst get but thither
There grows the flower of Peace,
The rose that doth not wither,
Thy fortress and thine ease.
He is thy blessed Lord,
And O! my Soul, awake,
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
Cease then thy foolish ranges
For naught can thee secure,
Save One who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.*

THE FOURTH MORNING.

Awake, my soul! Awake harp and lute. I myself will awake right early. Come unto his gates with thanksgiving, and enter his courts with praise.

Look upon the rainbow and praise him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with a glorious circle; and the hands of the most high have bended it.

Now therefore bless ye the Lord of all which only doeth wondrous things everywhere. Which exalteth our days from the womb, and dealeth with us according to his mercy.

May he grant us joyfulness of heart ; and that
peace may be in our days, forever.

*As I in hoary winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat
Which made my heart to glow ;
And lifting up a fearful eye
To view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright
Did in the air appear.
Who scorched with excessive heat,
Such floods of tears did shed,
As though his floods should quench his flames
Which with his tears were bred.
Alas, quoth he, but newly born
In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
Or feel my fire, but I.*

*My faultless breast the furnace is,
The fuel wounding thorns,
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
The ashes shames and scorns ;
The fuel justice layeth on,
And mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defiled souls,
For which as now on fire I am,
To work them to their good,*

*So will I melt into a bath
To wash them in my blood.
With this he vanished out of sight,
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto my mind
That it was Christmas Day.*

THE FIFTH EVENING.

Unto you is paradise opened. The tree of life is planted, the time to come is prepared. Plenteousness is made ready. A city is builded. And rest is allowed. Yea, perfect goodness and wisdom.

Be ready to the reward of the kingdom ; for the everlasting light shall shine upon you for evermore.

O receive the gift that is given you ; and be glad. The number of thy children whom thou longedst for, is fulfilled. Beseech ye that they which have been called from the beginning, of the power of the Lord, may be hallowed.

*Silent is the house, all are laid asleep,
One alone looks out o'er the snow-wreaths deep
Watching every cloud, dreading every breeze
That whirls the wildering drift and bends the
groaning trees.*

*What I love shall come like visitant of air,
Safe in secret power from lurking human snare ;
What loves me, no word of mine shall e'er betray
Though for faith unstained my life must forfeit pay.*

*Burn, then, little lamp ; glimmer straight and
clear—*

*Hush ! a rustling wing stirs the quiet air ;
He for whom I wait thus ever comes to me ;
Strange Power ! I trust thy might ; trust thou my
constancy.*

THE FIFTH MORNING.

Therefore hath he sent me unto thee to show
thee all these things, and to say unto thee, Be of
good comfort and fear not.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most
High shall abide under the shadow of the
Almighty.

I will say of the Lord he is my refuge and my
strength. In him will I trust.

He shall deliver thee from the snare of the
fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under
his wings shalt thou trust. His truth shall be
thy shield and buckler.

*Jesu is in my heart ; his sacred name
Is deeply carved there : but th' other week*

*A great affliction broke the little frame
Ev'n all to pieces, which I went to seek.
And first I found the corner where was I
After where E S and next where U was graved.
When I had got these parcels instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart he is "I ease you,"
And to my whole is Jesu.*

THE SIXTH EVENING.

O God, thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the sea, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.

I will be glad, and rejoice in thy mercy, for thou hast considered my trouble, and hast known my soul in adversity.

O how plentiful is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee.

O my soul, thanks be to the Lord who hath shewed thee marvellous great kindness.

Unto thy hands I commend my spirit, thou God of truth.

Go, heart, unto the lamp of light ;

Go, heart, do service and honour ;

*Go, heart, and serve him day and night ;
Go, heart, unto thy Saviour ;
Go, heart, to thy only remede
Descending from the heavenly tour
Thee to deliver from pain and dreid ;
Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.
Go, heart, with true and whole intent
To Christ thy help and whole succour.
Thee to redeem he was all rent ;
Go, heart, unto thy Saviour ;
To Christ that rose from death to life.
Go, heart, unto thy latter hour
Whose great mercy none can describe.
Go, heart, unto thy Saviour.*

THE SIXTH MORNING.

O God, thou art my God. Early will I seek thee. My soul thirsteth for thee. My flesh also longeth for thee in a dry land where no water is. Thus have I looked for thee in holiness, that I might behold thy power and glory. My soul hangeth upon thee. Thy right hand hath upholden me.

O Lord, thy loving kindness is comfortable. Hide me in the multitude of thy mercy, and strengthen me in the truth of thy salvation. As for me, I will patiently abide away. And I will praise thee more and more.

*Apple orchards, the trees all cover'd with blossoms ;
Wheat-fields carpeted far and near in living emerald
green.*

*The eternal exhaustless freshness of each early
morning,*

*The yellow, golden, transparent haze of the warm
afternoon sun ;*

*And the aspiring lilac bushes with their purple
and white flowers.*

THE SEVENTH EVENING.

And they brought young children to him that he should touch them ; and his disciples rebuked those who brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them : Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them.

Go your way, O my children, go your way ; for my hope is in the Everlasting, that he will save you. And joy is come upon me from the Holy One because of the mercy which shall come unto you from the everlasting our Saviour.

For I sent you out with mourning and weeping,

but God will give you to me again with joy and gladness for ever.

*. . . For like a child sent with a fluttering light
To feel his way along a gusty night,
Man walks the world. Again and yet again
The lamp shall be by fits of passion slain.
But shall not He who sent him from the door
Relight the lamp once more, and yet once more?*

THE SEVENTH MORNING.

I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Give ear, my son, and refuse not the council of wisdom.

Put thy feet into her fetters, and thy neck into her chain.

Bow down thy shoulder and bear her, and be not grieved with her bonds. Come unto her with thy whole heart, and keep her ways with all thy power.

Search and seek, and she shall be made known unto thee.

And when thou hast got hold of her, let her not go.

For at the last thou shalt find her rest, and that
shall be turned into thy joy.

*The divine vision still was seen,
Still was the human form divine ;
Weeping, in weak and mortal clay,
And Jesus, still the form was thine.*

*And thine the human face ; and thine
The human hands, and feet, and breath,
Entering through the gates of birth,
And passing through the gates of death.*

THE SECOND WEEK.



THE FIRST EVENING.

For this child I have prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him.

Then are they glad because they be quiet. So he bringeth them unto their desired haven. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness; and for his wonderful works that he doeth for the children of men.

*1st Voice: Tell us, thou cleere and heavenly tongue
Where is the babe but lately sprung?
Lies he the lillie banks among?*

*2nd Voice: Or say, if this new birth of ours
Sleeps laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with dawn-light; thou canst
cleere
All doubts, and manifest the where.*

*3rd Voice: Declare to us, bright star, if we shall
seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of spices through
To find him out?*

*Star: No—this ye need not do.
But only come and see him rest,
A princely babe on's Mother's breast.*

*Chorus : He's seen ! He's seen ! Why then around
Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground,
And all rejoyce that we have found
A king—before conception, crown'd.*

*Come then, come then, and let us bring
Unto our prettie twelfth-tide king
Each one his severall offering.*

*And when night comes wee'l give him
wassailing,
And that his treble honours may be seen,
Wee'l chuse him king, and make his
mother queen.*

THE FIRST MORNING.

Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the Heavens, and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds. Thy righteousness is like the great mountains. Thy judgments are a great deep. O Lord, thou preservest man and beast. How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God.

Therefore let the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house. And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures. For with thee is the fountain of life. And in thy light we shall see light.

*How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns ! Even as the flowers in Spring
To which besides their own demean
The late past frost tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.*

*And now once more I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write,
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing : O ! my only Light,
It cannot be,
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night.*

THE SECOND EVENING.

Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord.
He is our help and our shield. The Lord hath
been mindful of us : he will bless us. He will
bless the House of Israel and he will bless the
House of Aaron. He will bless them that fear
the Lord, both small and great. The Lord shall
increase you more and more, you and your
children. Ye are blessed of the Lord who made
heaven and earth. The heavens, even the
heavens are the Lord's, but the earth hath he
given to the children of men. The dead praise

not the Lord, nor any that go down into silence.
But we will bless the Lord from this time forth
for evermore. Praise the Lord.

*In Bethlehem that noble place,
As by prophesy sayd it was,
Of the Virgin Mary, full of grace,
Saluator mundi natus est.*

*On Chrystmas nyght an angel it tolde
To the shepherds kepyng their folde
That into Bethlehem with bestes wolde
Saluator mundi natus est.*

*The shepherds were compassed ryght,
About them was a great light,
Dread ye nought, sayd the aungel bryght
Saluator mundi natus est.*

*Beholde to you we bring great joy.
For why? Jesus is borne this day
To us, of Mary, that mylde may,
Saluator mundi natus est.*

THE SECOND MORNING.

And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord,
and great shall be the peace of thy children.
In righteousness shall they be established. Thou

shalt be far from oppression, for thou shalt not fear: and terror; for it shall not come near thee.

Learn where is wisdom, where is strength, where is understanding, that thou mayest also know where is length of days, and life, where is the light of the eyes, and peace.

Who hath found out her place, or who hath come into her treasures?

He that sendeth forth light and it goeth, calleth it again and it obeyeth him with fear. For sun, moon, and stars being bright, and sent to do their offices, are obedient. At the commandment of the Holy One they will stand in their order and never faint in their watches.

The beauty of heaven, the glory of the stars an ornament giving light in the highest places of God.

Verily to the Lord our God belongeth righteousness, but unto us the confusion of faces.

*It fortifies my soul to know
That though I perish, Truth is so.*

*That howsoe'er I stray or range,
Whate'er I do, thou dost not change.*

*I steadier step when I recall
That if I slip, thou dost not fall.*

THE THIRD EVENING.

He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles. They shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint. O my soul, wait thou upon God.

A covert from the tempest. As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

I am the mother of fair love, and fear, and knowledge, and holy hope.

I therefore being eternal am given to all my children which are named of Him.

Come unto me all ye that are desirous of me and fill yourselves with my fruits.

I came out of the mouth of the Most High and cover the earth as a cloud. I dwell in high places, and my throne is a cloudy pillar. He created me from the beginning of the world, and I shall never fail. I took root in an honourable people, and in the beloved city he gave me rest.

*Mark you the floor? That square and speckled stone,
Which looks so firm and strong is Patience.*

*And th' other black and grave wherewith each one
Is checkered all along Humilitie,*

*The gentle rising which on either hand
Leads to the choir above is Confidence.
But the sweet cement which in one sure band
Ties the whole frame, is Love and Charitie.*

*Hither sometimes Sin steals and stains
The marble's neat and curious veins;
But all is cleansèd when the marble weeps.
Sometimes Death puffing at the door
Blows all the dust about the floor ;
But while he thinks to spoil the room,
He sweeps.*

*Blessed be the Architect whose art
Could build so strong in a weak heart !*

THE THIRD MORNING.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all
thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all
thy might. And these words which I command
thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou
shalt teach them diligently unto thy children,
and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine
house and when thou walkest by the way, and
when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.
I will praise thee with my whole heart, before
the gods will I sing praise unto thee. I will
worship towards thy holy temple, and praise

thy name for thy loving kindness and thy truth ; for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

In the day when I cried thou answeredst me.
And strengthened me with strength in my soul.
Though I walk in the midst of trouble thou wilt revive me. Thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me. The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me.
Let my soul praise God the great King.

Life is sweet, brother. Do you think so ? There's night and day, brother, both sweet things. There's sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things. There's likewise a wind on the heath. Who would wish to die ?

*In sickness, Jasper ?
There's the sun and the stars, brother.
And in blindness ?
There's the wind on the heath.*

THE FOURTH EVENING.

And now try the Lord Almighty, but ye shall never know any thing. For ye cannot find the depth of the heart of man, neither can ye perceive the things that he thinketh, then how can

ye search out God that hath made all things and know his mind and comprehend his purpose ?

Do not bind the counsels of the Lord our God, for God is not as a man, that he may be threatened, neither is he as the son of man, that he should be wavering. Therefore let us wait for salvation of him, and call upon him to help us, and he will hear our voice if it please him.

Be joyful, O thou mother with thy children, for I will deliver thee, saith the Lord.

Embrace thy children until I come and show mercy unto them, for my wells run over and my grace shall not fail.

And those that be dead will I raise up again from their places; and bring them out of the graves.

And as many fountains flowing with milk and honey, and seven mighty mountains whereupon there grow roses and lilies, whereby I will fill thy children with joy.

*Jhesu of a mayde you woldest be borne
To save man kynde that was for lorne
And all for our synnes :
Miserere nobis.*

*Angelis ther were, mylde of moode
Songen to the swete folde
With joye and blysse :
Miserere nobis.*

*In a cratche was yt chylde layde
Both asse and oxe wit him playde,
With joye and blisse :
Miserere nobis.*

*Then for vs he shadde bys blode
And allso he dyed on ye rode.
And for us y wysse :
Miserere nobis.*

*And then to helle he toke the way
To ransom them that ther lay
With joye and blisse :
Miserere nobis.*

THE FOURTH MORNING.

There shall no evil happen unto him that feareth the Lord, but in temptation even again he will deliver him. A wise man hateth not the law. He that is a hypocrite therein is as a ship in a storm.

A man of understanding trusteth in the law, and the law is faithful unto him, as an oracle. Go not in a way wherein thou mayest fall, and stumble not among the stones.

In every good work trust thine own soul, for this is the keeping of the commandments.

He that believeth in God taketh heed to the commandments, and he that trusteth in him shall fare never the worse.

Then Tobit wrote a prayer of rejoicing and said : Blessed be God that liveth for ever, and blessed be his kingdom. For he doth scourge and hath mercy. He leadeth down to hell and bringeth up again ; neither is there any that can avoid his hand. Confess him before the Gentiles ye children of Israel, for he hath scattered us among them. There declare his greatness, and extol him before all the living. If ye turn to him with your whole heart and deal uprightly before him, then will he turn unto you, and will not hide his face from you. Therefore see what he will do with you, and confess him with your whole mouth, and praise the Lord of might and extol the everlasting King. In the land of my captivity do I praise him. I will extol my God, and my soul shall rejoice in his greatness. O Jerusalem, the holy city, he will scourge thee for thy children's works, and will have mercy again on the sons of the righteous. Blessed are they which love thee, for they shall rejoice in thy peace. Blessed are they which have been sorrowful for all thy scourges, for they shall rejoice for thee when they have seen all thy glory, and shall be glad forever. So Tobit made an end of praising God.

*There is a child born of a blessed Virgin,
I heard a maid lullaby sing,
Peace, my dear child, of thy weeping,
For thou shalt be our heavenly king.*

*Now sing we, and now sing we,
To the Gloria tibi Domine.*

*O Mother, O Mother, your wishes are nought,
It is not for me such carols are wrought,
Such carols were never by woman thought,
To the Gloria tibi Domine.*

*O my dear Son, why sayest thou so?
Thou art my son, I have no moe.
When Gabriel begot thee full of grace,
Thou needest not tell me of this case.*

*O they will thrust, Mother, my head from my hair,
With a crown of thorns they will not me spare,
And with sharp spears my heart will tear,
To the Gloria tibi Domine.*

*O come you here, Mother, and you shall see
My hands and my feet, nailed to the rood tree,
And my feet, Mother, are fastened thereby.
A vile sight, Mother, for you to see.*

THE FIFTH EVENING.

I will lift up my hands in thy name. I will
praise thee with joyful lips when I remember

thee upon my bed and meditate on thee in the night watches. Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

My soul followeth hard after thee. Thy hand upholdeth me.

O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger. When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, What is man that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou hast put all things under his feet. The sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

*When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
Let us (said he) pour on him all we can.*

*Let the world's riches that dispers'd lie,
Contract into a span.*

*So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure.
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treasure
Rest at the bottom lay.*

*For if I should (said he) bestow this jewel also on
my creature,
He would adore my gifts, instead of me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature :
So both should losers be.*

*Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness.
Let him be rich and weary—that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.*

THE FIFTH MORNING.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous,
and his ears are open unto their cry.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that are of a
broken heart, and he saveth such as be of a
contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but
the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord, and shall not be ashamed.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants, and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

O God, thou lovest all things that are, and abhorrest nothing that thou hast made. How could anything have endured if it had not been thy will? or been preserved if it had not been by thee? But thou sparest all, for they are thine, O thou lover of souls.

*The door of Death is made of gold
That mortal eyes cannot behold;
But when the mortal eyes are closed,
And calm and pale the limbs reposed,
The Soul awakes! and wondering sees,
In her mild hand, the golden keys.*

*The grave is heaven's golden gate,
And rich and poor around it wait.*

THE SIXTH EVENING.

The hopes of a man void of understanding are vain and false, and dreams lift up fools.

Whoso regardeth dreams is as him that catcheth at a shadow and followeth after the wind.

The vision of dreams is the resemblance of one thing to another, even as the likeness of a face to a face.

Of an unclean thing what can be cleansed, and from that thing which is false what truth can come?

Divinations and soothsayers and dreams are vain, and the heart fancieth as a woman's heart in travail.

In they be not sent from the most High in thy visitation, set not thy heart upon them. For dreams have deceived many, and they have failed that put their trust in them.

But the law shall be found perfect without lies, and wisdom is perfection to a faithful mouth. When I travelled I saw many things, and I understand more than I can express. I was oftentimes in danger of death, yet was I delivered because of these things. The spirit of those that fear the Lord shall live, for their hope is in him that saveth them. For the eyes of the Lord are upon them that love him. He is their mighty protection and strong stay; a defence from heat, a cover from the sun at noon, a preservation from stumbling, and an help from falling. He raiseth up the soul and enlighteneth the eyes; and he giveth health and life and blessing. Thy power is the beginning of righteousness, and because thou art the Lord of all it maketh thee to be gracious unto all.

For thou hast taught thy people that the just man should be merciful, and hast made thy children to be of good hope that thou givest repentance for sins. Who may withstand the power of thine arm? For the whole world before thee is as a little grain in the balance, yea, as a drop of the morning dew that falleth upon the earth.

*When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;
Then can I drown an eye unused to flow
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.*

THE SIXTH MORNING.

Bless the Lord thy God alway and desire of him that thy ways may be directed, that all thy paths

and councils may prosper; and fear not, my son, that we are made poor, for thou hast much wealth if thou fear God, and depart from all sin, and do that which is pleasing in his sight. Tobias then answered and said, Father, I will do all things thou hast commanded me. Then he gave him the handwriting, and said unto him, Seek ye a man which may go with thee whiles I yet live and I will give him wages. Go and receive the money. Therefore when he went to seek a man he found Raphael that was an angel. But he knew not: Canst thou go with me to Rages, and knowest thou those places well? To whom the angel said, I will go with thee, and I know the way well for I have lodged with our brother Gabael. Then Tobias said unto him, Tarry for me till I tell my father. And he said, Go, and tarry not. So he went in and said to his father, Behold, I have found one which will go with me. Then he said, Call him unto me that I may know of what tribe he is and whether he be a trusty man to go with thee. So he called him, and he came in, and they saluted one another. Then Tobit said to him, Brother, shew me of what tribe and family thou art? To whom he said, Dost thou seek for a tribe, or family, or an hired man to go with thy son? Then Tobit said unto him, I would know, brother, thy kindred and thy name. Then he said, I am Azarias,

the son of Ananias the Great, and of thy brethren. Then Tobit said, Thou art welcome, brother ; be not now angry with me because I have enquired to know thy tribe and thy family, for thou art my brother of an honest and good stock. But tell me what wages shall I give thee ; wilt thou a drachm a day, and things necessary as to mine own son ? Yea, moreover, if ye return safe I will add something to thy wages. So they were all well pleased. Then said he to Tobias, Prepare thyself for the journey, and God send you a good journey. And when his son had prepared all things for his journey, his father said, Go thou with this man, and God which dwelleth in heaven prosper your journey, and the angel of God keep you company. So they went forth both, and the young man's dog with them. But Anna, his mother, wept, and said to Tobit, Why hast thou sent away our son ? is he not the staff of our hand in going in and out before us ? Be not greedy to add money to money, but let it be as refuse in respect of our child. For that which the Lord hath given us to live with doth suffice us. Then said Tobit to her, Take no care, my sister ; he shall return in safety and thine eyes shall see him. For the good angel will keep him company and his journey shall be prosperous, and he shall return safe. Then she made an end of weeping.

*In the abundance of thy grace
Will I to thee draw near,
And toward thy most holy place
Will worship thee in fear.*

*Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
Because of all my foes ;
And to my dim and sinful eyes
Thy perfect way disclose.*

THE SEVENTH EVENING.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved. He that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold he that keepeth Israel shall not slumber nor sleep.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil. The Lord shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, even for evermore.

God walks with the simple. He reveals himself to the lowly ; he gives understanding to little ones ; he discloses his meaning to pure minds, and hides his grace from the curious and proud. Put off the garment of thy mourning and afflic-

tion, and put on the comeliness of the glory that cometh from God for ever.

Cast about thee a double garment of the righteousness that cometh from God, and set a diamond on thine head of the glory of the Everlasting. For God shall lead Israel with joy in the light of his glory with the mercy and righteousness that cometh from him.

Set thy heart right and constantly endure, and make not haste in time of trouble.

A patient man will bear for a time, and afterward joy shall spring up unto him.

*My God,
From thee all pitie flows.
Mothers are kind because thou art,
And dost dispose
To them a part.
Their infants them, and they love thee
More free.*

*Come, my way, my truth, my life!
Such a way as gives us breath,
Such a truth as ends all strife,
Such a life as killeth death.*

*Come, my light, my feast, my strength!
Such a light as shows a feast,
Such a feast as mends in length,
Such a strength as makes his guest.*

*Come, my joy, my love, my heart !
Such a joy as none can move,
Such a love as none can part,
Such a heart as joys in love.*

THE SEVENTH MORNING.

Gracious is the Lord and righteous. Yea, our God is very merciful. The Lord preserveth the simple. I was brought low and he helped me. The pains of hell gat hold upon me, I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord. O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Whoso feareth the Lord it shall go well with him at the last. To fear the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and it was created with the faithful in the womb. She hath built an everlasting foundation with men and she shall continue with their seed.

Thy sustenance declared thy sweetness unto thy children ; that thy children, O Lord, whom thou lovest, might know that it is not the growing of fruits that nourisheth man, but thy word which preserveth them that put their trust in thee. For that which was not destroyed by the fire, being warmed with a little sunbeam soon melted away. Thou hast power over life and death, thou leadest to the gates of hell and

bringest up again, for great are thy judgments
and cannot be expressed, therefore unnurtured
souls have erred.

*Every night and every morn
Some to misery are born.
Every morn and every night
Some are born to sweet delight.
Some are born to sweet delight,
Some are born to endless night.*

*Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine,
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine.*

*It is right it should be so,
Man was made for joy and woe;
And when this we rightly know,
Safely through the world we go.*

THE THIRD WEEK.



THE FIRST EVENING.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits to me?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon his name. I will pay my vows unto the Lord in the presence of his people. O Lord, truly I am thy servant. Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. Thou hast loosed my bonds, and I will offer unto thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving.

When I was yet young, or ever I went abroad, I desired wisdom openly in my prayer. I bowed down mine ear a little and gat much learning. For I purposed to do after her, and earnestly I followed that which was good. My soul hath wrestled with her. I stretched forth my hands to the heavens above and bewailed my ignorances of her.

I directed my soul unto her and I found her in pureness.

I have had my heart joined with her from the beginning, therefore shall I not be forsaken.

My heart was troubled in seeking her, therefore have I gotten a good possession.

Wherefore are ye slow? and what say ye of these things, seeing your souls are very thirsty?

I opened my lips and cried: Buy her for yourselves without money. But understand thou for thyself, and seek out the glory.

*"O Death! thou art so dark and difficult
That never human creature might attain
By his own will to pierce thy secret sense
Because foreshadowing thy dread result
He may not put his trust in heart or brain,
Nor power avails him, nor intelligence:
Behold how cruelly thou takest hence
These forms so beautiful and dignified,
And chain'st them in thy shadow chill and dense,
And forcest them in narrow graves to hide,
With pitiless hate subduing still to thee
The strength of man and woman's delicacy."*

*"Not for thy fear the less I come at last,
For this thy tremor, for thy painful sweat;
Take therefore thought to leave (for lo, I call)
Thy father and thy mother—to forget
All these thy brethren, sisters, children, all.
Cast sight and hearing from thee, let hope fall,
Leave every sense and thy whole intellect,
These things wherein thy life made festival:
For I have wrought thee to such strange effect
That thou hast no more power to dwell with these
As living man. Let pass thy soul in peace."*

*Yea, Lord. O thou, the builder of the spheres,
Who making me didst shape me of thy grace
In thine own image and high counterpart,
Do thou subdue my spirit, long perverse,
To weep within thy will a certain space.*

*Ere yet thy thunder come to rive my heart,
Set in my hand some sign of what thou art,
Lord God, and suffer me to seek out Christ—
Weeping to seek him in thy ways apart
Until my sorrow have at length sufficed
In some accepted instant to atone
For sins of thought, for stubborn evil done.*

*Dishevelled and in tears, go, song of mine,
To break the hardness of the heart of man,
Say how his life began
From dust, and in that dust doth sink supine,
Yet say the unerring spirit of grief shall guide
His soul, being purified,
To seek its maker at the heavenly shrine.*

THE FIRST MORNING.

Love righteousness, ye that be judges of the earth. Think of the Lord with a good heart and in simplicity of heart seek him. For froward thoughts separate from God, and his power, when it is tried, reproveth the unwise. For into a malicious soul wisdom shall not enter, nor dwell in the body that is subject unto sin. For the holy spirit of discipline will flee deceit and remove from thoughts that are without understanding, and will not abide when un-

righteousness cometh in. For wisdom is a loving spirit, and will not acquit a blasphemer of his words. For God is witness of his reins and a true beholder of his heart, and a hearer of his tongue. For the spirit of God filleth the world, and that which containeth all things hath knowledge of the voice. Seek not death in the error of your life, and pull not upon yourselves destruction with the works of your hands. For God made not death, neither hath he pleasure in the destruction of the living. For he created all things that they might have their being: and the generations of the world were healthful; and there is no poison of destruction in them, nor the kingdom of death upon the earth. For righteousness is immortal. Nevertheless through envy of the evil one came death into the world. And they that do hold to his side, do find it. But God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own eternity. Lo, The work of righteousness shall be peace. And the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever. And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation; and in sure dwellings; and in quiet resting-places. For the Lord hath spoken it.

*To mercy, pity, peace, and love
All pray in their distress,*

*And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.*

*For mercy, pity, peace and love
Is God our Father dear ;
And mercy, pity, peace and love
Is man, his child and care.*

*For mercy has a human heart ;
Pity, a human face ;
And love, the human form divine ;
And peace, the human dress.*

*Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine—
Love, mercy, pity, peace.*

*And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew ;
Where mercy, love and pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.*

THE SECOND EVENING.

The righteous live for evermore ; their reward also is with the Lord, and the care of them is with the Most High. They shall receive a glorious kingdom, and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand. For with his right hand shall

he cover them, and with his arm shall he protect them.

Wisdom is glorious; and never fadeth away. Yea, she is easily seen of them that love her and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her in making herself first known unto them.

Whoso seeketh her early shall have no great travail; for he shall find her sitting at his doors. To think, therefore, upon her is perfection of wisdom; and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without care.

For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, sheweth herself favourably unto them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought. For the very true beginning of her is the desire of discipline; and the care of discipline is love. And love is the keeping of her laws; and the giving heed unto her laws is the assurance of incorruption.

And incorruption maketh us near unto God. If your delight be then in thrones and sceptres, O ye kings of the people! honour wisdom, that ye may reign for evermore.

*The night is come like to the day,
Depart not thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
Keep still in my horizon: for to me*

*The sun makes not the day, but thee.
Thou whose nature cannot sleep
On my temples sentry keep,
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I rest, my soul advance,
Make my sleep a holy trance,
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake unto some holy thought ;
And with as active vigour run
My course as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death : O ! make me try
By sleeping what it is to die !
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed ;
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again, at last, with thee :
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsy days ; in vain
I do but wake to sleep again.
O, come that hour when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever.*

THE SECOND MORNING.

Stretch forth thine hand unto the poor, that thy
blessing be perfected.

Fail not to be with them that weep and mourn
with those that mourn. Be not slow to visit the
sick, and that shall make thee beloved.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart, and
forget not the sorrows of thy mother.

Fear the Lord with thine whole soul, and what-
soever thou takest in hand, remember the end,
and thou shalt never do amiss.

God hath given straight commandment to such
as came what they should do to live, even as
they came; and what they should do to avoid
punishment.

But his law have they despised, and denied
his covenants; in his statutes have they not
been faithful, and have not performed his
works.

But the just which have many good works laid
up with thee, shall out of their own deeds re-
ceive reward.

And therefore, for the empty are empty things,
and for the full are full things.

The stars shined in their watches and rejoiced.
When he calleth them, they say, here we be.
And so with cheerfulness they shew light unto
him that made them.

*Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit, and weep.*

*Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace.
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little, pretty, infant wiles.*

*As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.*

*Oh the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful light shall break.*

THE THIRD EVENING.

Love is a great thing; yea, a great and thorough good. By itself it makes everything that is heavy light, and it bears evenly all that is uneven. For it carries a burden that is no burden, and makes everything that is bitter sweet and tasteful. Love desires to be aloft, and will not be kept back by anything low and mean. Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing more courageous, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller nor better in heaven on earth; because love is born of God

and cannot rest but in God, above all created things.

Love is watchful; and sleeping slumbereth not. Though weary, it is not tired; though pressed, it is not straitened; though alarmed, it is not confounded; but as a lively flame and burning torch, it forces its way upwards and securely passes all. If any man love, he knoweth what is the cry of this voice. For it is a loud cry in the ears of God.

“My God, my love, thou art all mine, and I am all thine.”

A silent and loving woman is a gift of the Lord; and there is nothing so much worth as a mind well instructed.

A wise man shall be filled with blessing, and all that see him shall count him happy.

Bountifulness is as a most fruitful garden; and mercifulness endureth for ever.

The root of evil is sealed up from your weakness, and the moth is hid from you, and corruption is fled into hell to be forgotten.

Sorrows are past, and in the end is shewn the treasure of immortality.

*The spring may come, and the winter may die,
The summer may pass, and the year may fly,
But thou wilt come again I know, I know,
My love, and be mine.*

*The faithful word is spoken, and I am always thine,
My love—yes—always thine.*

*God keep you ever his sun to feel,
God bless you when at his feet you kneel,
Here will I wait, till thou again art here,
Again art here.*

And if thou tarry long, I will come to you,

*My dear,
Come to you, my dear.*

THE THIRD MORNING.

I myself also am a mortal man, like to all, and the offspring of him that was first made of the earth.

And in my mother's womb I was fashioned to be flesh in the time of ten months, being compacted in blood, of the seed of man, and the pleasure that came with sleep.

And when I was born, I drew in the common air, and fell upon the earth, which is of like nature, and the first voice which I uttered was crying, as all others do.

For there is no king that had any other beginning of birth.

I was nursed with swaddling bands and that with cares. For all men have one entrance into life, and the like going out.

Wherefore I prayed, and understanding was given me. I called upon God, and the spirit of wisdom came to me.

I preferred her before sceptres and thrones, and esteemed riches nothing in comparison of her. Neither compared I unto her any precious stone, because all gold in respect of her is as a little sand; and silver shall be counted as clay before her.

I loved her above health, and beauty, and chose to have her instead of light. For the light that cometh from her never goeth out.

For she is a treasure unto men that never faileth, which they that use become friends of God, being commended for the gifts that come from learning.

And all such things as are either secret or manifest, them I know.

For wisdom, which is the worker of all things, taught me. For in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtle, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good. Kind to man, steadfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things, and going through all pure understanding and most subtle spirits.

For wisdom is more moving than any motion. She passeth through all things by reason of her pureness.

For she is the breath of the power of God, and
a pure influence flowing from the Almighty,
and therefore can no defiled thing fall into her.
For she is the brightness of the everlasting light,
the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and
the image of his goodness.

And being but one, she can do all things, and
remaining in herself she maketh all things new,
and in all ages, entering into holy souls she hath
made them friends with God, and prophets.

She is more beautiful than the sun, and above
all the order of stars; and being compared with
the light, she is found before it.

And after this cometh night. But vice shall not
prevail against wisdom.

*Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Thus sayd the aungell Gabryell.*

*Lordes and ladyes all by dene
For your goodness and honour
I will you synge all of a quene,
Of all women she is the floure.*

*Of Jesse there sprang a wight
Isai sayd by prophecy,
Of whom shall come a man of myght,
From deth to lyfe he will us bye.*

*There cam an aungell bright of face,
Flying from heaven with full gret lyght,*

*And sayd, haile Mary, full of grace,
For thou shalt bear a man of myght.*

*Astonied was that lady free,
And had mervayle at that gretynge,
Aungell, she said, how may that be,
When never of man I had knowynge?*

*Drede thee nothyng, Mary mylde,
Thou art full filled with great vertew;
Thou shalt conceive and bere a chylde,
That shall be namèd swete Jesu.*

*She knelyd down upon her knee,
As thou hast sayd, so may it be,
With hert, thought, and mylde chere,
Goddess hand-mayd I am here.*

*Of her was born our heavenly kynge,
And she a mayden never the less;
Therefore be mery and let us synge,
For this new lord of Chryste Messe.*

THE FOURTH EVENING.

Ask, and it shall be given you. Seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.

If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him ?

As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. As for man, his days are as grass, as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone ; and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children.

Is it not a grief unto death when a companion and friend is turned into an enemy? O wicked imagination, whence camest thou in to cover the earth with deceit?

Let reason go before every enterprise, and counsel before every action. And let the counsel of thine own heart stand, for there is no man more faithful unto thee than it.

Yesterday's flowers am I—

And I have drunk my last sweet draught of dew.

Young maidens came, and sang me to my death,

The moon looks down and sees me in my shroud,

The shroud of my last dew.

*Yesterday's flowers that are yet in me
Must needs make way for all to-morrow's flowers ;
The maidens, too, that sang me to my death,
Must even so make way for all the maids
That are to come.*

*And as my soul, so shall their soul be,
Laden with fragrance of the days gone by.
The maidens that to-morrow come this way
Will not remember that I once did bloom,
For they will always see the new-born flowers.
Yet will my perfume-laden soul bring back
As a sweet memory, to women's hearts
Their days of maidenhood.*

*I bear away with me
The sunshine's dear remembrance, and the low
Soft murmurs of the spring.
My breath is sweet as children's prattle is.
I drank in all the whole earth's fruitfulness
To make of it the fragrance of my soul
That shall out-live my death.*

*Now to the morrow's flowers will I say,
"Dear children of my roots
I charge you, love the sun as I have loved,
That when ye bloom anew
They never may remember I am dead,
But always think they see the self-same flowers ;
Even as the sun that ever thinks he sees*

*The self-same birds and lovers upon earth,
Because he is immortal, and for this
Never remembers death."*

*Yesterday's flowers am I,
And I have drunk my last sweet draught of dew.
The maidens came and sang me to my death;
The moon looks down and sees me in my shroud,
The shroud of my last dew.*

THE FOURTH MORNING.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.
He leadeth me beside the still waters. He
restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths
of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou
art with me. Thy rod and thy staff they
comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence
of mine enemies: thou anointest mine head with
oil, my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the days of my life; and I will dwell in the
house of the Lord for ever.

*My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him and dismissed
With hard words and unkissed ;
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Left others of my own ;
For on a table drawn beside his bed
He had put within his reach
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle of blue-bells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with
careful art
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept and said :
Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath
Not vexing thee in death,
And thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,*

*Then fatherly not less
Than I whom thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave thy wrath and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."*

THE FIFTH EVENING.

The Lord is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life. Of whom shall I be afraid?

Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fail. Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion. He shall set me upon a rock.

And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me, therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto his name.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice. Have mercy also upon me, and answer me. When thou saidst, Seek ye my face, my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O Lord, lead me in a plain path. I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Wait on the Lord: be of good courage and he will strengthen thy heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

*The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine.
The birds are silent in their nest
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits, and smiles on the night.*

*Farewell, green fields and happy groves
Where stocks have ta'en delight;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright.
Unseen, they pour blessing
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom
And each sleeping bosom.*

*They look in every thoughtless nest
Where birds are covered warm.
They visit caves of every beast
To keep them all from harm.
If they see any weeping*

*That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head
And sit down by their bed.*

*When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep,
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful,
The angels most heedful
Receive each mild spirit
New worlds to inherit.*

*And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying : " Wrath, by his meekness,
And by his health sickness
Are driven away
From our immortal day.*

*" And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee, and weep.
For, washed in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold."*

THE FIFTH MORNING.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophecy in part, but when that which is perfect is come then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly, but then

face to face. Now, I know in part ; but then shall I know even as I am known. And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

*When does the morning dawn ?
When the golden rays are floating
O'er the snow-covered heights.
Deep down in the dark rifts
Lifts the stem that turns to the light,
Till it feels like an angel with wings.
Then it is morning—bright clear morning.
But in stormy weather,
And when my heart is sad,
There is no morn for me. None.*

*Surely the morning has dawned
When the flowers have burst into blossom ?
And the birds having broken their fast,
Are singing that the dark woods
Shall have fresh green crowns as a gift—
The brook have a sight of the sea ?
Surely then it is morning, bright clear morning ?
But in stormy weather,
And when my heart is sad
There is no morn for me. None.*

*When does the morning dawn ?
When the strength that glows through sorrow and
storm*

*Awakens the sun in thy soul.
So thy bosom warmly embraces the world
In this cause :
To be truly good to each and all.*

*Then it is morning,
Bright, clear morning.*

*This, the greatest strength thou knowest,
And the most hardly won—
Is it this thou wouldest have ?
Yes.*

THE SIXTH EVENING.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing. The glory of Lebanon shall be given to it and the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God. Strengthen ye the weak hands and confirm the feeble kness. Say to them that be of a fearful heart, be strong, fear not. Behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense ; he will come and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped. Then shall the

lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert, and the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land pools of water: in the habitations of dragons where each lay shall be grass with reeds and rushes. And an highway shall be there and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; no lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness. And sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

*To all the willows in the land
Now greeting do I send,
To say that I to them will stand
Ever their faithful friend,
And sacred hold that time of year
When catkins on slim boughs appear.*

*"Withe is weak," the proverb tells,
"But many woods he binds"—
And in the truth that herein dwells
My heart some comfort finds:
Hoping that weakness only can
Not only things ignoble span.*

THE SIXTH MORNING.

Blessed is the man who feareth the Lord ; he hath great delight in his commandments. His seed shall be mighty upon earth. The generation of the faithful shall be blessed.

Riches and plenteousness shall be in his house, and his righteousness endureth for ever.

Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness : he is merciful, loving and righteous. A good man is merciful and lendeth ; and guideth his words with discretion.

He shall not be afraid of any evil tidings, for his heart standeth fast, and believeth in the Lord.

Who is like unto the Lord our God that hath his dwelling so high : yet humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven and earth ? He taketh up the simple out of the dust, and lifteth the poor out of the mire.

He maketh the barren woman to keep house : and to be a joyful mother of children.

Blessed be the name of the Lord, from this time forth for evermore.

*I'd a dream to-night
As I fell asleep ;
Oh ! the touching sight
Makes me still to weep,
Of my little lad*

*Gone to leave me sad ;
Aye, the child I had,
But was not to keep.*

*As in Heaven high
I my child did seek,
There in train came by
Children fair and meek,
Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight ;
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.*

*Then a little sad
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
Oh ! it did not burn.
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turned about,
“ Your tears put it out ;
“ Mother, never mourn.”*

THE SEVENTH EVENING.

When the Lord turned again the captivity of
Sion, then were we like unto them that dream.
Then was our mouth filled with laughter and
our tongue with joy.

Then said they among the heathen: The Lord hath done great things for them. Yea, the Lord hath done great things for us already, whereof we rejoyce. Turn our captivity, O Lord: as the rivers in the south.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that now goeth on his way weeping and beareth forth good seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.

*God sent His aungell Gabriell
To Nazareth, the chefe citie
Of Galile, as Luk will telle,
To Marye mylde and mayden fre.*

*The which was wedded to a man
Of David howse that Joseph hight,
To her the aungell entried than,
And sayd unto that mayden bright:*

*Hayl, ful of grace, the Lord of all,
He is with thee, blessed mote thou be
Among all women, grete and small;
Thus savèd he that Lady fre.*

*When sche this herde, sche was afrayde,
And thought within hir hert wityly
Of this worde howe it was sayde,
And then to her he sayd in high:*

*Drede nought, Marye, for thou hast founde
The grace of God in mekeness trewe;
Thou shalt conceyve and bere a sonne,
And thou shalt clepe his name Jesu.*

*He shal be grete by godly might,
And cleped hys son that is most hee;
He schal him gyve by modir right
The sete of David hys moder fre.*

*In Jacob hows he schal be kyng,
And of his rewme shal be noone ende;
Then askyd Marye of this thing,
How it shulde be she wolde be kenned,*

*For man I purpose never to knowe.
Then sayde the Aungell from above,
The Holy Ghost shall come and showe
To thee in the strengthe of love.*

*And umbischadwe thee with light
And vertew grete of hys godhede;
Therfore that holy thyng of myght
That shal be born of thee in dede*

*Shal be Goddes Sone, and so be called,
And so Elizabeth, thy awnte,
She hath conceived, though sche be olde,
A sone, such grace God hath hir graunte.*

*And now the sixth moneth is this
To her that passed in chyld berynge,
To God Almighty no thing is
With Hym may be no failing thinge.*

*Then spak the mother of pytie,
Lo! the Lordys handmayde I am;
After thy worde be do to me,
And at that poynt God bycame man.*

*Then rose that blessyd Mayde Marye,
And gede up the hillys with hasty breath
Unto the hows of Zackarye
And salewèd there Elizabeth.*

*And when Elizabeth dide here
The gretynge of that Ladye swete,
Hir chyld, Saint John, glad chere then made
Within her womb, there, as she sete.*

*And full filled of the Holy Ghost,
Elizabeth began to crye,
Blessed thee art of women moost,
So is the fruit of thy bodye.*

*And how is this that thus to me
Comyth the moder of my Lord
To make my chylde so welcome thee
As voys doth voys in gode accorde?*

*And blessed be thou in faythe so trewe,
For what is sayde from God to thee
By prophets all bothe olde and newe,
Now is fulfilled, blessing mote thou be.*

*Then spak Marye, Goddes moder dere
Much magnifyeth my sowle the Lord,
And so my Spirit hath schewed glad chere
In God my helpe with full accorde.*

*This graciouse cowpil of foure, in fere
Of Chryst Jesu and Marye mylde,
Elizabeth and hir son dere
Seynt John Baptiste fro schame us shield.*

THE SEVENTH MORNING.

Nevertheless thy saints had a very great light : whose voice they hearing and not seeing their shape because they also had not suffered the same things, they counted them happy.

Instead whereof thou gavest them a burning pillar of fire, both to be a guide of the unknown journey ; and an harmless sun to entertain them honourably.

For though no terrible thing did fear them, yet being scared with beasts that passed by, and hissing of serpents, they died for fear, denying

that they saw the air which could of no side be avoided.

For wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous; and being pressed with conscience always forecasteth grievous things.

For fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth.

And the expectation from within being less, counteth the ignorance more than the cause which bringeth the torment. For whether he were husbandman or shepherd, or a labourer in the field, he was overtaken and endured that necessity which could not be avoided. And they were all bound with one chain of darkness. Whether it were a whistling wind, or a melodious noise of birds among spreading branches, or a pleasing fall of waters running violently, or a terrible sound of stones cast down, or a running that could not be seen of skipping beasts, or a roaring voice of most savage wild beasts, or a rebounding echo from the hollow mountains; these things made them to swoon for fear.

Yet the whole world shined with clear light, and none were hindered in their labour.

Over them only was spread a heavy night, an image of the darkness that should receive them; but yet were they unto themselves more grievous than the darkness.

And lo, while all things were in quiet silence,

and night was in the midst of her swift course, thine almighty word leaped down from heaven out of thy royal throne, as a fierce man of war into a land of destruction ; and brought thine unfeigned commandment as a sharp sword ; and standing up filled all things with death. And it touched heaven, though it stood upon the earth.

Then the blameless man made haste and stood forth to defend them ; and bringing with him the shield of his proper ministry, even prayer, and the propitiation of incense, set himself against the wrath: bringing the calamity unto an end, and declaring he was thy servant.

So he overcame the destroyer. Not with strength of body, nor force of arms, but with a word subdued he him that punished. And standing between the dead that were fallen down by heaps, he stayed the wrath, and parted the way to the living.

For neither was it a herb, or a mollifying plaster that restored them to health ; but thy word, O Lord, which healeth all things.

*Sweet musicke, sweeter farre
Than any song is sweet.
Sweet musicke heavenly rare,
Mine ears, O peeres, doth grete
You gentle flocks whose fleeces pearl'd with dewe,
Resemble heaven, whom golden drops make bright.*

*Listen, O listen now, O not to you
Our pipes make sport to shorten wearie night ;*

*But voyces most diuine
Make blisfull harmonie.
Voyces that seem to shine
For what else clears the skie ?
Tunes can we heare, but not the singers see,
The tunes diuine, and so the singers be.*

*Loe, how the firmament
Within an azure fold,
The focke of starres hath pent,
That we might them behold.
Yet from their beames proceedeth not this light,
Nor can their crystals such reflection giue.
What then doth make the element so bright ?
The Heavens are come down upon earth to liue.*

*But hearken to the song !
Glory to Glory's King,
And Peace all men among,
These choristers doe sing.
Angels they are, as also shepherds hee
Whom in our feare we do admire to see.*

*Let not amazement blinde
Your soules, said he, annoy.
To you and all mankinde
Thy message bringeth joy.*

*For loe ! The world's great Shepherd now is born,
A blessed Babe, an infant, full of power,
After long night uprisen is the morne,
Renowning Bethlehem in the Saviour.*

*Sprung is the perfect day,
By prophets seen afarre ;
Sprung is the mirthful May,
Which winter cannot marre.
In David's citie doth this sun appeare,
Clouded in flesh, yet shepherds sit we heare.*



THE FOURTH WEEK.



The Little Boy Found

The little boy lost in the lonely fen.
 Led by the wandering light.
 Began to cry, but God ever nigh.
 Appeared like his father in white.
 He kissed the child & by the hand led
 And to his mother brought.
 Who in sorrow pale, thro' the lonely dale
 Her little boy weeping sought.

THE FIRST EVENING.

Surely vain are all men by nature, who are ignorant of God, and could not out of the good things that are seen, know him that is. Neither by considering the works did they acknowledge the master.

But deemed either fire, or wind, or the swift air, or the circle of stars, or the violent water, or the lights of heaven to be the gods which govern the world.

With whose beauty, they being delighted took them to be be gods ; but let them know how much better the Lord of them is, for the first author of beauty hath created them.

And if they were astonished at their power and vertue, let them understand by them how much mightier is he that made them.

For by the greatness and beauty of the creatures proportionally, the maker of them is seen.

And thus this was an occasion to deceive the world ; for men serving either calamity or tyranny, did ascribe unto stones and stocks the incommunicable name.

But yet for this they are the less to be blamed ; for they peradventure seeking God, err, being desirous to find him.

For being conversant in his works, they search him diligently and believe their sight, because the things are beautiful that are seen.

Howbeit, neither are they to be altogether pardoned, for if they were able to know so much that they could aim at the world, how did they not sooner find out the Lord thereof? Thou, O God, art gracious and true ; long-suffering and in mercy ordereth all things. For if we sin, we are thine, knowing thy power ; and if we sin not, we are counted thine. And to know thee is perfect righteousness ; yea, to know thy power is the root of immortality. And thine incorruptible spirit is in all things.

*Often rebuked yet always back returning
To those first feelings that were born with me,
And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning,
For idle dreams of things that cannot be.*

*To-day I will not seek the shadowy region,
Its unstaining vastness waxes drear,
And visions rising legion after legion,
Bring the unreal world too strangely near.*

*I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces
And not in paths of high morality
And not among the half distinguished faces
The clouded forms of long past history,*

*I'll walk where my own nature would be leading,
It vexes me to choose another guide,
Where the grey flocks in ferny glens are feeding,
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain side.*

What have those lonely mountains worth revealing ?

More glory and more grief than I can tell.

*The earth that wakes a human heart to feeling
Can centre both the worlds of Heaven and Hell.*

THE FIRST MORNING.

Wisdom reacheth from one end to another mightily : and sweetly doth she order all things. I loved her and sought her out from my youth ; I was a lover of her beauty.

In that she is conversant with God, she magnifieth her nobility. Yea, the Lord of all things himself loved her.

Therefore, I purposed to take her to live with me, knowing that she would be a councillor of good things, and a comfort in cares and grief.

For she is privy to the mysteries of the knowledge of God ; and a lover of his works.

If a man love righteousness, her labours are virtues : for she teacheth temperance and prudence, justice and fortitude, which are all such things as men can have nothing more profitable in their life. The conversation of wisdom hath no bitterness, and to live with her hath no sorrow, but mirth and joy.

Now when I considered these things in myself

and pondered them in my heart, how that to be allied to wisdom is immortality, I went about seeking how to take her to me.

And I perceived that I could not otherwise obtain her, except God gave her to me.

And this was a point of wisdom also to know whose gift she was.

Then prayed I unto God and besought him, and with my whole heart, I said : O God of my fathers and Lord of mercy, give me wisdom, that sitteth by thy throne and reject me not from among thy children.

O send her out of thy holy heavens and upon the throne of thy glory, that being present with me, I may know what is pleasing unto thee. For the corruptible body presseth down the soul, and the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth upon many things.

And hardly do we guess aright at things that are upon the earth : and with labour do we find the things that are before us ; but the things that are in heaven who hath searched out ?

And thy council, O God, who hath known, except thou give wisdom ; and send thy holy spirit from above ?

*They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here ;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth cheer.*

*It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is dressed
After the sun's remove.*

*O holy hope! and high humility,
High as the Heavens above,
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.*

*Dear beauteous death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust
Could man outlook that mark.*

*He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown,
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now
That is to him unknown.*

*And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes
And into glory peep.*

*If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there,
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.*

*O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.*

*Either disperse these mists which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.*

THE SECOND EVENING.

Who honoureth his mother is one that layeth up treasure. Whoso honoureth his father shall have joy of his own, and when he maketh his prayer he shall be heard. Search and seek, and wisdom shall be made known unto thee, and when thou hast got hold of her let her not go. For at the last thou shalt find her rest, and that shall be turned to thy joy. Then shall her fetters be a strong defence for thee, and her chains a robe of glory. For there is a golden ornament upon her, and her bands are purple lace. Thou shalt put her on as a robe of honour, and shall put her about thee as a crown of joy.

Look on the generations of old and see; did ever any trust in the Lord and was confounded? or did any abide in his fear and was forsaken?

or whom did he ever despise that called upon him? For the Lord is full of compassion and mercy, long-suffering and very pitiful, and forgiveth sins, and saveth in time of affliction. They that fear the Lord will prepare their hearts, and humble their souls in his sight, saying, we will fall into the hands of the Lord and not into the hands of men, for as his majesty is, so is his mercy.

*The Church do seem a touchen sight,
When folk, a-comen in at door,
Do softly tread the long-aisled floor
Below the pillar'd arches height,
With bells a-pealing,
Folk a-kneeling,
Hearts a-healing, wi' the love
An' peace a-sent 'em from above.*

*And there, wi' mild an' thoughtful face,
Wi' down-cast eyes and voices dumb,
The old and young do slowly come
And take in stillness each his place ;
A-sinking slowly,
Kneeling lowly,
Seeking holy thoughts alone
In prayer before their Maker's throne.*

*And there be sons in youthful pride,
And fathers weak wi' years and pain,
And daughters in their mothers' train,*

*The tall wi' smaller at their side ;
Heads in mourning
Never turning,
Checks a-burning wi' the het
Of youth, and eyes no tears do wet.*

*There friends do settle side by side,
The knower speechless to the known,
Their voice is there for God alone,
To flesh and blood their tongues be tied
Grief a-wringing,
Joy a-singing,
Prayer a-bringing welcome rest
So softly to the troubled breast.*

THE SECOND MORNING.

What hath pride profited us ? or what good hath riches with our vaunting brought us ? All those things are past away like a shadow, and as a post that hasted by. And as a ship that passed over the waves of the water, which when it is gone by the trace thereof cannot be found, neither the pathway of the keel in the waves. Or as when a bird hath flown through the air there is no token of her way to be found, but the light air being beaten with the stroke of her wings, and parted with the violent noise and motion of them is passed through, and therein

afterwards no sign where she went is to be found. Or like as when an arrow is shot at a mark it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through. Even so we in like manner, as soon as we were born began to draw to our end, and had no sign of virtue to shew, but were consumed in our own wickedness. For the hope of the ungodly is like dust that is blown away with the wind, like a thin froth that is driven away with the storm, like as the smoke which is dispersed here and there with a tempest, and passeth away with the remembrance of a guest that tarryeth but a day. But the righteous live for evermore, their reward also is with the Lord, and the care of them is with the most High.

He shall take to him his jealousy for complete armour, and make the creature his weapon for the revenge of his enemies.

He shall put on righteousness as a breastplate, and true judgement for an helmet. He shall take holiness for an invincible shield. His severe wrath shall he sharpen for a sword, and the world shall fight with him against the unwise. Then shall the right aiming thunderbolts go abroad, and from the clouds as from a well drawn bow shall they fly to the mark.

Yea, a mighty wind shall stand up against them,

and like a storm shall blow them away ; thus iniquity layeth waste the whole earth, and ill dealing shall overthrow the thrones of the mighty.

But Wisdom delivered from pain those that attended on her. When the righteous fled from his brother's wrath, she guided him in right paths, shewed him the kingdom of God, and gave him knowledge of holy things. In the coveteousness of such as oppressed him, she stood by him and made him rich. She defended him from his enemies, and kept him safe from those that lay in wait, and in a sore conflict she gave him the victory, that he might know that godliness is stronger than all. When the righteous was sold she forsook him not, but delivered him from sin ; she went down with him into the pit. She left him not in bonds till she brought him the sceptre of the kingdom and power against those that oppressed him ; as for them that accused him she shewed them to be liars, and gave him perpetual glory. She entered into the soul of the servant of the Lord, and withstood dreadful kings in wonders and signs. She rendered to the righteous a reward for their labours, guided them in a marvellous way ; she was a cover unto them by day, and a light of stars through the night season. For so the ways of them that lived on earth were reformed, and men were taught the things that

are pleasing unto thee, and were saved through wisdom.

*In numbers and but these few
I sing Thy praise, O Jesu!
Thou prettie Babie, borne here
With sup'rabundant scorne here,
 Hadst for Thy place
 Of birth a base
Out-stable for Thy court here.*

*Instead of neat enclosures
Of interwoven osiers;
Instead of fragrant posies
Of daffodils and rosies,
Thy cradle, kingly stranger,
 As gospel tells,
 Was nothing els
But, here, a homely manger.*

*But we with silks, not cruells,
With sundry precious jewels,
And lilly-work will dress Thee,
And as we dispossess Thee
Of clouts, we'll make a chamber,
 Sweet Babe for Thee
 Of Ivorie,
And plaistered round with amber.*

*The Jewes, they did disdaine Thee,
But we will entertain Thee*

*With glories to await here
Upon Thy princely state here,
And more for love than pittie,
From yeere to yeere
We'll make Thee heere
A free-born of our cittie.*

THE THIRD EVENING.

If any man hear my words and believe not, I judge him not; for I come not to judge the world but to save it. He who rejects me and receives not my words, has one that judges him; the word that I have spoken shall judge him in the last day. But these things I say that ye may be saved.

He who sent me is with me. The Father hath not left me alone, for I do his will always, and I know that his will is everlasting life.

I have yet many things to say to you but you cannot bear them now. But when he, the spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth.

I have told you this that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full. But because I have told you sorrow filled your hearts. Nevertheless, I tell you the truth: it is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go

not away, the Comforter will not come to you.
But if I go away, I will send him to you.
I tell you of a truth you shall weep and lament,
but the world shall rejoyce, and you shall be
sorrowful but your sorrow shall be turned to
joy. A woman when she is in travail has
sorrow because her hour is come, but as soon
as she is delivered of the child, she remembers
the anguish no more for joy that a man is born
into the world. And so you now have sorrow,
but I will see you again, and your heart shall
rejoyce. And your joy shall no man take from
you.

*Marke this songe for it is trewe
For it is trewe as clerkes tell
In olde tyme strange thynges came to pass
Great wonder and great mervaile was
In Israell.*

*There was one Oetavyan
Oetavyan of Rome Emperour
As bokes olde doth specifye
Of all the wide worlde trylye
He was lord and governour.*

*The Jewes that tyme lacked a kyng
They lacked a kyng to guide them well
The Emperour of power and might
Chose one Herode against all right
In Israell.*

*This Herode was Kyng of Jewys
Was kyng of Jewys and he no Jewe.
Forsooth he was a paynym borne
Wherefore on faith it may be sworne
He reigned kyng untrewe.*

*By phrophecye one Isay
One Isay at last did tell
A childe sholde come, wonderous newys
That sholde be borne trewe kyng of Jewys
In Israell.*

*This Herode knew one borne sholde be
One borne sholde be of trewe leneage
That sholde be right herytour
For he but the Emperour
Was made by usurpage.*

*Wherefore of thought this kyng Herode
This kyng Herode in grete fear fell.
For all the days most in his myrth
Ever he fearèd Chrystes byrth
In Israell.*

*The tyme came it pleased God
It pleased God so to come to pass
For mannes soul in deid
His blessed Son was borne with spede
As His wyll was.*

*Tydinges came to king Herode
To kyng Herode and dyd hym tell
That one forsooth is he
Which lord and kyng of all shall be
In Israell.*

*Herode then raged as he were wode
As he were wode of thys tydyng
And sent for all hys scribes sure
Yet wolde he not trust the scripture
Nor of their counsellunge.*

*Then this was the conclusyon
The conclusyon of his counsell
To send unto his knyghts anone
To slay the chylderen every one
In Israell.*

*This cruel kyng this tyranny
This tyranny did put in vre
Between a day and a yeares two
All men chylderne he dyd sloo
Of Chryst for to be sure.*

*Yet Herode myssed his cruel prey
His cruel prey as was Godde's wyll.
Joseph with Mary then dyd flee
With Chryst to Egypt gone was she
From Israel.*

*All this whyle these tyrants
These tyrants wolke not conuerte
But innocentes yonge
That lay sokyng
They thruste to the herte.*

*This Herode sought the chylderen
The chylderen yonge with corage fell
But in doynge this vengeaunce
His owne son was slayne by chaunce
In Israell.*

*Alas! I thynke the mothers were wo,
The mothers were wo, it was grete skylle
What motherly payne
To see them slayne
In cradells lyinge styll!*

*But God Himself hath them eleete
Hath them eleete in Heaven to dwell
For they were bathed in their blode
For their baptysm foresooth it stode
In Israell.*

*Alas! agayne, what hertes had they
What hertes had they these babes to kyll?
Wyth swordes when they thym caught,
In cradells they lay and laught,
And never thought yll.*

THE THIRD MORNING.

Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory through his great power, giving council by their understanding and declaring prophecies. Leaders of the people by their councils, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions.

Such as found out musical tunes, and such as recited verses in writing. Rich men furnished with ability living peaceably in their habitations. All these were honoured in their generation, and were the glory of their times. There be of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises be reported. And some there be which have no memorial, who are perished as though they had never been. And are become as though they had never been born, and their children after them. But these were merciful men, and their righteousness hath not been forgotten.

Let not your heart be troubled, believe in God and believe in me. If a man love me he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him and make our abode with him.

This is my commandment, that ye love one another. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. I

have chosen and appointed you to bring forth fruit, fruit that shall endure.

For mine angel is with you—and I myself caring for your souls.

*Come out of doors ! 'tis Spring ! 'tis May,
The trees be green, the fields be gay,
The weather warm, the winter blast,
With all his train of clouds, is past.
The sun do rise while folk do sleep,
To take a higher daily sweep
With cloudless face a-flinging down
His sparkling light upon the groun'.*

*The airs a-streaming soft—come throw
The windows open ! Let it blow
In through the house, where fire and door
A-shut kept out the cold afore.
Come, let the few dull embers die,
And come below the open sky.
An' wear your best, for fear the groun'
In colours gay mid shame your gown.
An' goo an' rig wi' me a mile
Or two over gate and stile
Through sunny paddocks that do lead
Wi' crooked hedges, to the mead,
Where elms high in stately ranks
Do rise from yellow cowslips banks,
And birds do twitter from the spray
Of bushes decked with snow-white May,*

*And gilcups, wi' the daisy bed,
Be under every step you tread.
We'll wind up round the hill, and look
All down the thickly timbered nook,
Out where the squire's house do show
His grey-walled peaks up through the row
Of shady elms, where the rook
Do build her nest ; and where the brook
Do creep along the meads, and lie
To catch the brightness of the sky.*

*Mother of blossoms ! and of all
That's fair a-field from Spring to Fall,
The cuckoo, over white-waved seas,
Do come to sing in thy green trees,
An' butterflies in giddy flight,
Do gleam the most by thy gay light.
O when at last my fleshly eyes
Shall shut upon the fields and skies,
May Summer's sunny days be gone
And Winter's clouds be comen on.
Nor may I draw upon the e'th
Of thy sweet air, my latest breath,
Alassen I mid want to stay
Behind for thee, O flowery May.*

THE FOURTH EVENING.

Solomon reigned in a peaceable time and was honoured, for God made all quiet round about him that he might build an house in his name and prepare his sanctuary for ever.

In all his works he praised the Holy One most High with words of glory. With his whole heart he sang songs, and loved him that made him.

How wise wast thou in thy youth and as a flood filled with understanding. Thy name went out to far islands, and for thy peace thou wast beloved.

O Death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, and to the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things, yea unto him that is yet able to receive meat. O Death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy and unto him whose strength faileth; that is now in the last age, that is vexed with all things; and to him that despaireth, and hath lost patience! We have wearied ourselves in the way of wickedness and destruction, yea, we have gone through deserts where there lay no way.

Wherefore, rising up from the fast with my clothes and the holy garment rent, and bowing my knees and stretching forth my hands unto the Lord, I cried, O Lord I am confounded and ashamed before thy face. For our sins are multiplied

above our heads, and our ignorances have reached up unto heaven, and extreme fearfulness went through all my body, and my mind was troubled so that it fainted. So that the angel that was come to talk with me held me, comforted me, and set me up upon my feet.

He answered me and said : This present life is not the end, where much glory doth abide, therefore have they prayed for the weak. But the day of doom shall be the end of this time and the beginning of the immortality for to come wherein corruption is past. Intemperance is at an end, infidelity is cut off, righteousness is grown, and truth is sprung up. Then shall no man be able to save him that is destroyed, nor to oppress him that hath gotten the victory. And misery shall pass away, and the long suffering shall have an end.

*The wind's on the wold
And the night is acold,
And Thames runs chill
Betwixt mead and hill.
But kind and dear
Is the old house here,
And my heart is warm
Midst winter's harm.
Rest, then, and rest
And think of the best,
Twixt Summer and Spring*

When all birds sing.

* * * * *
*I am old and have seen
Many things that have been,
Both grief and peace
And wane and increase.
No tale I tell
Of ill or well,
But this I say,
Night treadeth on day,
And for worst and best
Right good is rest.*

THE FOURTH MORNING.

A man's life consists not in the abundance of things he possesses.

For gold hath destroyed many and perverted the hearts of kings.

Wisdom lifteth up the head of him that is of low degree and maketh him to sit among great men.

The bee is little among such as fly, but her fruit is the chief of sweet things.

Many kings have sat down upon the ground, and one that was never thought of hath worn the crown.

Prosperity and adversity, life and death, poverty and riches, come from the Lord.

Wisdom, knowledge and understanding of the law, are of the Lord,

And love and the way of good works are from him.

Error and darkness had their beginning with sinners, and evil shall wax old with them that glory therein.

The gift of the Lord remaineth with the godly and his favour bringeth prosperity for ever. Be steadfast in thy covenant and continue therein. Marvel not at the works of sinners, but trust in the Lord and abide in thy labour; for it is an easy thing in the sight of the Lord on the sudden to make a poor man rich.

The blessing of the Lord is the reward of the godly, and suddenly he maketh his blessing to flourish.

Remember that death will not be long in coming, and that the covenant of the grave is not showed unto thee.

Do good unto thy friend before thou die, and according to thy ability stretch out thy hand to give him.

Give, and take, and sanctify thy soul, for there is no seeking of dainties in the grave.

Blessed is the man that is not pricked with a multitude of sins, and he whose conscience hath not condemned him, and who is not fallen from his hope in the Lord.

The love of the Lord passeth all things for

illumination, and he that holdeth it, whereto
shall he be likened ?

*No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere,
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal arming me from fear.*

*O God, within my breast
Almighty ever-present Deity,
Life, that in me has rest,
As I—undying life—have power in thee.*

*Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts : unutterably vain,
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main.*

*To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity,
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.*

*With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.*

*Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,*

*And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in thee.*

*There is no room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void ;
Thou—thou art Being and Breath,
And what thou art may never be destroyed.*

THE FIFTH EVENING.

Come to me all that labour and are heavy-laden,
and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for
I am meek and lowly in heart, and you shall
find rest for your souls ; for my yoke is easy
and my burden is light.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my
words shall not pass away.

Wherefore, I say to you, all manner of sin and
blasphemy shall be forgiven to man, but the
blasphemy against the Spirit shall not be for-
given.

Whosoever speaks a word against the Son of
Man, it shall be forgiven him ; but whoever
speaks against the Holy Spirit, it shall not be
forgiven him, either in this world, or in the
world to come.

And if any man hear my words and believe
not, I judge him not ; for I came not to judge
the world but to save it.

He who rejects me and receives not my words,
has one that judges him ; the word that I have
spoken shall judge him in the last day. But
these things I say that you may be saved. My
Father who gave to me is greater than all.
And none is able to pluck out of my Father's
hand.

*The old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day,
For half his flocks were in their beds
Or under green sods lay.*

*Once while he nodded on a chair
At the moth hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him
And he began to grieve.*

*" I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
For people die and die,"
And after cried he, " God forgive,
My body spake, not I!"*

*And then half lying on the chair,
He knelt, prayed, fell asleep—
And the moth hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.*

*They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind,*

*And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.*

*Upon the time of sparrow chirp,
When the moths came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.*

*"Mavrone, Mavrone, the man has died
While I slept on the chair."
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.*

*He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen.
The sick man's wife opened the door,
"Father! you come again!"*

*'And is the poor man dead?' he cried,
"He died an hour ago!"
The old priest Peter Gilligan
For grief swayed to and fro.*

*"When you were gone, he turned and died
As merry as a bird."
The old priest Peter Gilligan,
He knelt him at that word.*

*'He who hath made the night of stars
For souls who tire and bleed—
Sent one of His great angels down
To help me in my need.*

*“ He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in his care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair.”*

THE FIFTH MORNING.

Unless the Lord had been my helper my soul had almost dwelt in silence.

Because I live ye shall live also, I will not leave you comfortless. The Comforter, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, will teach you all things, and will bring all I have said to you to your remembrance.

The people which sat in darkness saw great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.

It is the spirit that quickeneth. The flesh profiteth nothing, the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.

For glorious is the fruit of good labours, and the root of wisdom shall never fall away.

Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of such as have afflicted him and made no account of his labours. When they see it they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for. And they repenting and groaning for an-

guish of spirit, shall say within themselves, This was he whom we had sometimes in derision and approved of reproach. We fools accounted his life madness and his end to be without honour. How is he numbered among the children of God and his lot is among the saints !

It happened as Jesus Christ and his disciples were taking their way along the sea-shore, they came upon the carcase of a dead dog lying upon the sands.

And one disciple turning away his eyes said: The horrid sight ! And another disciple, putting his hand before his face, cried: The loathsome stench !

But Jesus, looking upon it, said: The teeth are white as pearls.

THE SIXTH EVENING.

Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you ; but rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings.

The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. This God is our God for ever and ever, he will be our guide even unto death. Christ Jesus who of God is made

unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption.

Canst thou by searching find out God?

Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?

It is as high as heaven: what canst thou do?

It is deeper than hell: what canst thou know?

I will trust and not be afraid, and in quietness and confidence shall be my strength.

This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing.

*O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice,
O Cuckoo, shall I call thee Bird
Or but a wandering Voice ?*

*While I am lying on the grass,
Thy two-fold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.*

*Though babbling only to the Vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.*

*Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No Bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.*

*The same that in my schoolboy days
I listened to, that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.*

*To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green,
And thou wert still a hope, a love
Still longed for, never seen.*

*And I can listen to thee yet,
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.*

*O blessed Bird, the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial faery place
That is fit home for thee.*

THE SIXTH MORNING.

Beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise as some men count slackness. My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are

higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven and returneth not thither but watereth the earth so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth. It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

Let him take hold of my strength that he may make peace with me. And he shall make peace with me.

O woman, great is thy faith : be it unto thee even as thou wilt.

How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God, how great is the sum of them. If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand. How sweet are thy words unto my taste, yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth. Thy love is better than wine.

Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

Thou art fairer than the children of men. As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love. His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars. His mouth is most

sweet: yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend.

The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him, and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and he shall dwell between his shoulders. His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me. They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My father which gave them me, is greater than all.

When Peter saw the wind boisterous he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me! And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?

The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

*Albeit my prayers have not so long delayed,
But craved for thee, e'en this, that Pity and Love
Which only bring our heavy life some rest,
Yet is not now the time so long o'erstay'd
But that these words of mine which towards thee
move,*

*Must find thee still with spirit dispossess'd,
And say to thee "In heaven she is now bless'd,
Even as the blessèd name men call her by."
While thou dost ever cry
Alas! the blessing of mine eyes is flown!*

*Behold these words set down
Are needed still for still thou sorrowest,
Then hearken, I would yield advisedly
Some comfort ; stay these sighs ; give ear to me.*

*We know for certain that in this blind world
Each man's subsistence is of grief and pain,
Still trailed by fortune through all bitterness.
Blessèd the soul which when its flesh is furl'd
Within a shroud, rejoicing doth attain
To heaven itself, made free of earthly stress.
Then wherefore sighs thy heart in abjectness
Which for her triumph should exalt aloud ?
For he the Lord our God hath called her, heark-
ening what her angel said*

*To have heaven perfected.
Each saint for a new thing beholds her face.
God hath her with himself eternally
Yet she inhabits every hour with thee.*

*Be comforted, Love cries, be comforted.
Devotion pleads, Peace for the love of God !
O yield thyself to prayers so full of grace
And make thee naked now of this dull weed
Which 'neath thy foot were better to be trod,
For man through grief despairs and ends his days.
Of thee she entertains the blessèd throngs
And says to them, " While yet my body thrave
On earth I gat much honour which he gave
Commending me in his commended songs."*

*Also she asks always of God our Lord
To give thee peace according to his word.*

THE SEVENTH EVENING.

They that put their trust in God shall understand the truth; and such as be faithful in love shall abide with him.

Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him. And he shall bring it to pass. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying: This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn unto the left.

God who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. My presence shall go with you, and give you rest.

Fear not, for thou shalt not be ashamed; neither be thou confounded. I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins. Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee.

O shew forth the praises of him, who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light.

*A wreathèd garland of deserved praise,
Of praise deserved unto thee I give.
I give to thee who knoweth all my ways,
My crooked, winding ways, wherein I live.
Wherein I die, not live; for life is straight,
Straight as a line and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more farre above deceit
Than deceit seems above simplicitie.
Give me simplicitie, that I may live,
So live and like that I may know thy ways,
Know them and practise them; then shall I give,
For this poor wreath, give thee a crown of praise.*

THE SEVENTH MORNING.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report. If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit. So wilt thou recover me, and make me to live. Behold for peace I had great bitterness; but thou hast

in love to my soul delivered it. Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back.

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, nor is weary? There is no searching of his understanding.

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles. They shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint.

My righteousness is near : my salvation is gone forth, and mine arm shall judge the people. The isles shall wait upon me, and on mine arm shall they trust.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; that publisheth peace; That publisheth good tidings of good, that bringeth salvation; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth.

For God shall lead Israel with joy in the light of his glory with the mercy and righteousness that cometh from him.

How great is the house of God, how large is the place of his possession! O look about thee toward the east and behold the joy that cometh unto thee from God.

O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of

agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones.

And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children.

Arise, O Jerusalem and stand on high, and look about thee toward the east and behold thy children gathered from the west unto the east by the word of the Holy One, rejoicing in the remembrance of God. For they departed from thee on foot and were led away of their enemies, but God bringeth them unto thee exalted with glory, as children of the kingdom.

*Worchepe we thys holy-day,
That all Innocentes for us pray.*

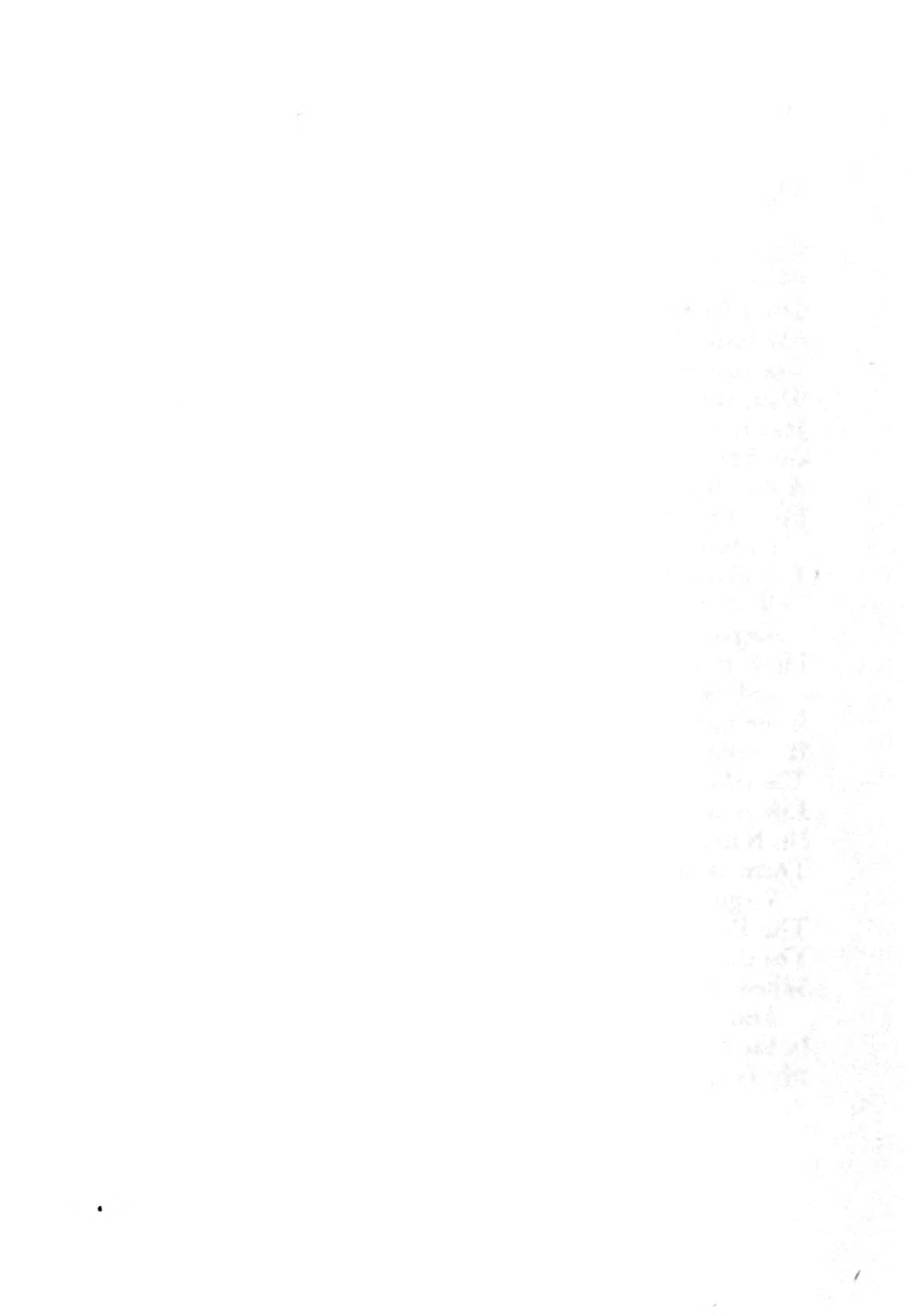
*Herode that was both wylde and wode
Ful mucche he shed of Christen blode
To slay that chylde so meke of mode
That Mary bere, that clene may.*

*Mary with Jesu for thee yfraust (fraught)
As the aungell hur taught
To flee the land till yt wer' sawst (safe)
To Epytte she took hur way.*

*Herode sloo with pride and synne
Thousands of zer and wt ynne
The body of Chryst he thowste to wynne
And to destroye the Christen fay.*

*Now Jesu that dyest for us on the rood.
And chrystendest Innocents in thy blood
By the pyer of thy moder good
Bring us to blysse that lastyth aye.*





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